

confused her. At first she thought with a vague trouble it was a voice she knew. Then she started from her grassy seat with a horrible sensation, as if she were hearing over again, though not addressed to herself, one of those mocking, threatening, insulting floods of words which had once been the terror of her life. Torrance! Had she lived to hear him speak again? She had escaped from all imagination of him in this beautiful and distant scene. What was it that like a terrible wind of recollection, like an hour come back from the miserable past, made her hear his voice again?

She had risen up in her dismay and alarm, almost with an impulse of flight, to get out of his way, lest he should find her again, when an impression almost more terrible still made her pause and hold her throbbing breast with both her hands. She turned her face towards the rock with a faint cry, and sank down again upon the grass. There could be no doubt that it was a man speaking to a woman over whom he had almost absolute power, a

husband to a wife—or perhaps—but Carry knew no other relationship than that which permitted such tones, and when her first irrational panic was over, she became aware that it was the voice of Tom.

To whom was he speaking? She did not ask what he was saying. She could not hear the words, but she knew them. A woman who has once borne such a storm recognises it again. To whom could Tom speak in that voice of the supreme?—mocking, threatening, pouring forth abuse and wrath. To whom did the boy dare to speak so? He had no wife.

The voices grow louder; the two seem to be parting; the man hurrying away, discharging a volley at his companion as he left her, the woman weeping, following, calling him back. Lady Car sat breathless, her terrified eyes fixed on the path behind, up which she heard him coming. ‘Go back, I tell you; I have nothing more to say to you,’ he cried.

His countenance, flushed with rage, ap-